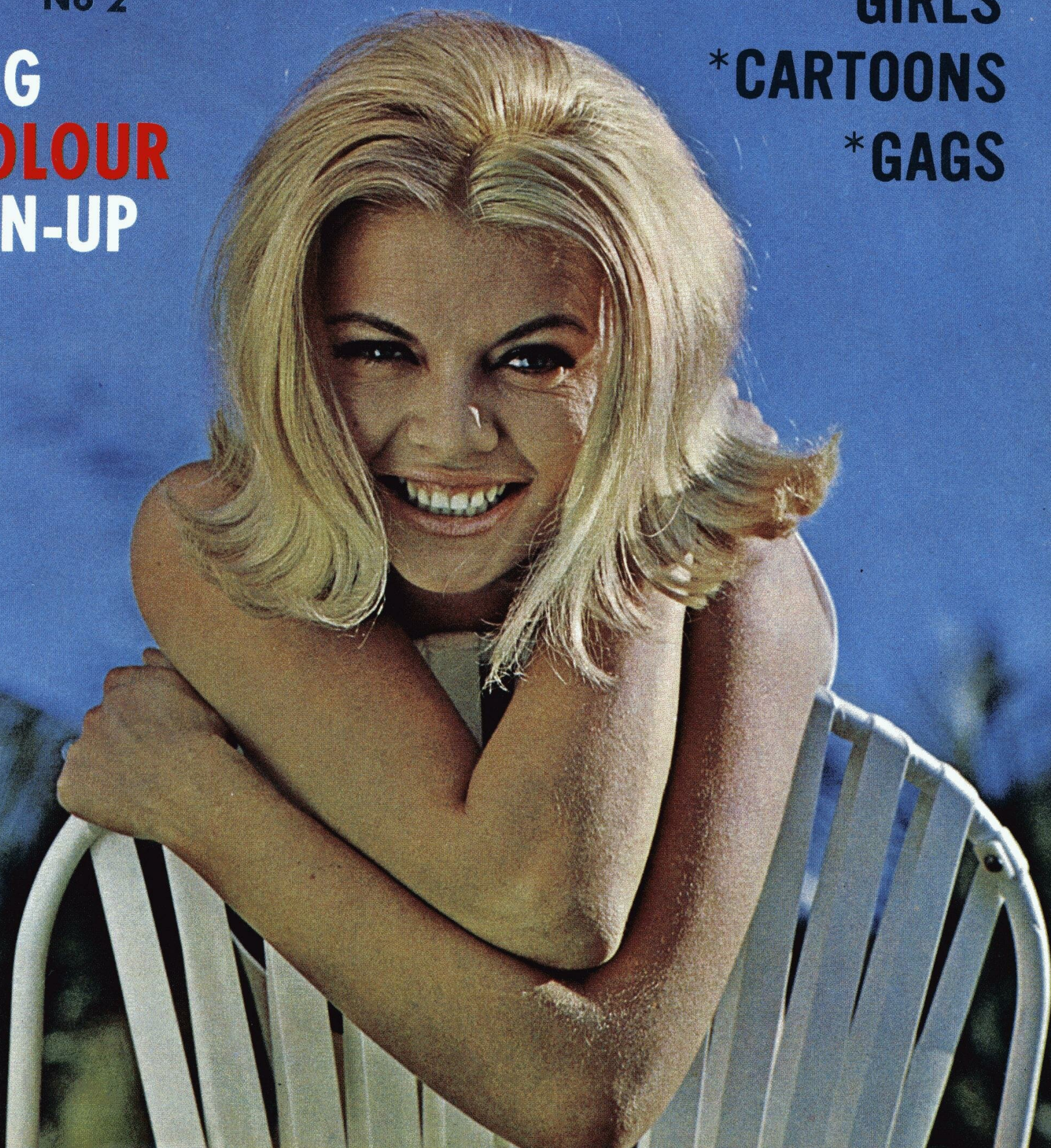


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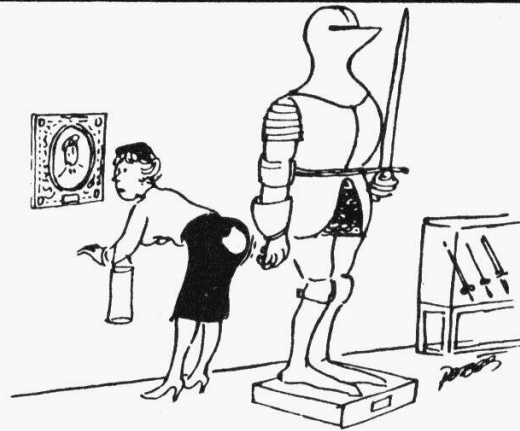
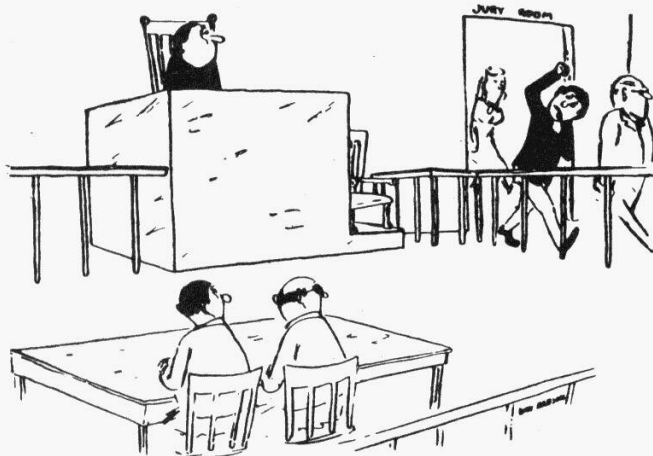
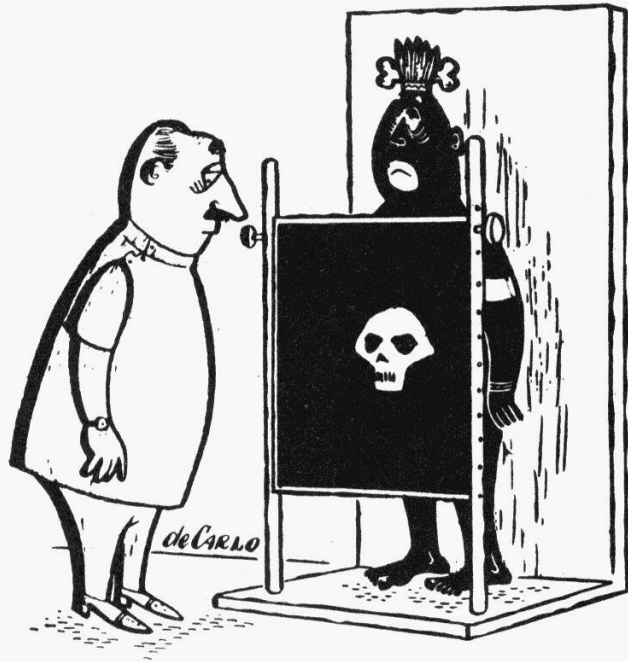
BIG
COLOUR
PIN-UP

***GIRLS**
***CARTOONS**
***GAGS**





STAG



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*They're Always
in Hot
Water* **DON'T
ENVY THE
DON JUANS**



Brigitte
Bardot
finds him
appealing

RETURNING home from the theater late one evening in Paris, Alexandre Dumas, the great French writer and lover, was startled when a hansom cab pulled up beside him and a soft white hand pushed open the door. "Monsieur Dumas," said a low, sweet voice, "I want you to do something for me."

The very pretty face and the well-turned ankle confronting him made his heart beat faster. In fact it was racing like a hot rod on a drag strip when Dumas managed to gasp, "Why certainly, my dear, what is it you want?"

"I want you to come inside and kiss me."

Proposals like that are actually commonplace to that pack of wolves known as Don Juans. They should happen to you and me, but they seem to be centered on that group nature has chosen to favor.

Or are they favored?

If we look deeper we will learn that the lives of the Don Juans are often far from happy, despite the fact that these Casanovas continually are fighting off scads of beautiful damsels. Most of us have trouble attracting only one, but these birds are for wholesale.

While we may envy the Don Juans' unconventional sex relationships, the course of free love never seems to run smoothly and there are plenty of flies in Casanova's honey. Their practice becomes a source of greater misery than marriage.

Sour grapes, you say.

Okay, let's take a look at some prime examples in which you will note that jealousy and extreme possessiveness are genuine headaches. Women who lack the property rights of marriage seem to develop a greater hankering for the ownership of their males than the wedded brides.

Take Lord Byron, who among his mistresses had a knife-wielding Italian, Margarita Cogni. She would beat up any woman she found in Byron's house and she had his household in terror much of the time. Byron in turn, like so many Casanovas that soon tire of their wives and



He resists Marilyn Monroe.

Anita Ekberg lures Hope with her keys.

DON'T ENVY DON JUANS

turn to tormenting them, would annoy his wife by popping soda bottle corks against the ceiling.

Another headache developed by the Don Juans is the eventual infidelity of his illegal sweetheart. Benvenuto Cellini, the noted Italian goldsmith, discovered that one of his mistresses was falling for another man. For revenge he married her off to her new lover and then continued his affair with her on the side, thereby deriving much pleasure from the thought that he was having the last laugh.

The great French artist, Paul Gauguin, was in love with a Tahitian girl and basked in an idyllic life until he found she had numerous lovers on the side. Yet he often expressed a preference for "fat and vicious" women.

Some lover boys let the femmes make a mess of their businesses as well as their private lives. The original Casanova, Giacomo Casanova, once had a fortune in his grasp when he operated a silk factory, but the place, with its 40 working girls, soon became a harem for its lusty owner and ambition was drowned in sex.

The Don Juans seem to brew up a lot of envy and hatred that may not be deserved. Rudolph Valentino was crushed by the malicious slanders directed against him.

If the Don Juan is constantly dissatisfied with his love life, what motivates him? Is he a polygamous animal with an intense appetite, or is he as some psychologists claim a neurotic who must constantly hear his praise from the lips of a woman in order to forget his feeling of inferiority?

In any case, don't envy the Don Juan. You can take on enough headaches in a normal life without wishing you were as involved as he is

By the way, who was that blonde that just went by?



"Congratulations, lady. You've accomplished what neither rain nor snow nor dark of night could do!"



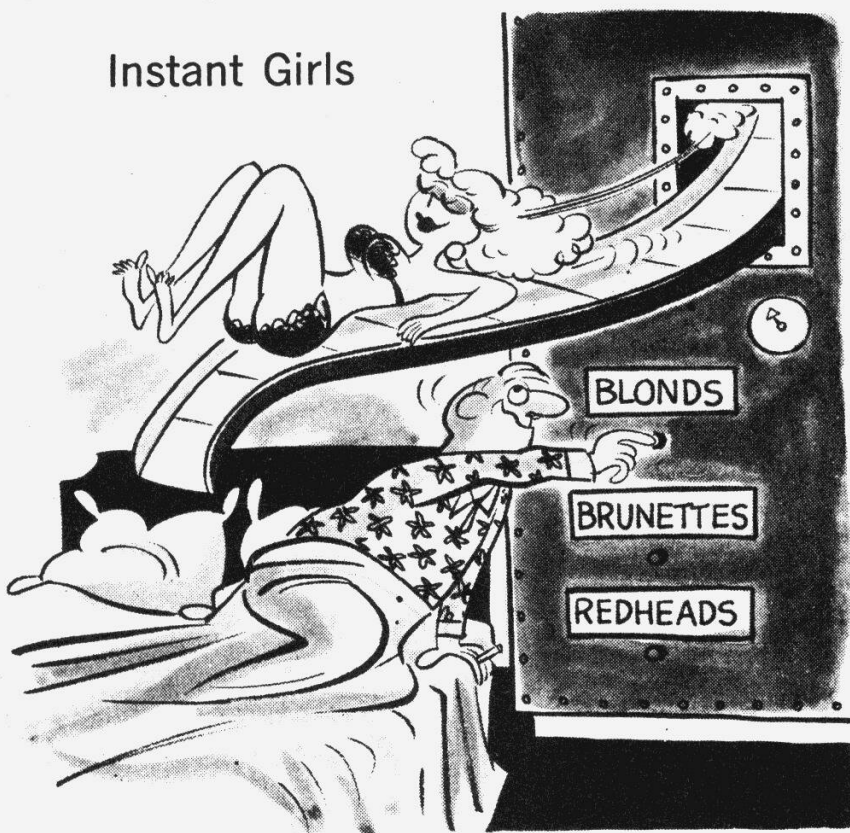
"You're a free man, Frank . . . I'm getting a divorce."





THINGS TO COME

Instant Girls



Looking into the future with his crystal-ball computer, this month's guest cartoonist conjures up a few science-fiction ideas strictly for guys. All we can say, in space-age jargon, is they're A-O.K.

Walk in Television





Disappearing Pills



Thought Receivers

Rejuvenating
Machine









A
LEWIS





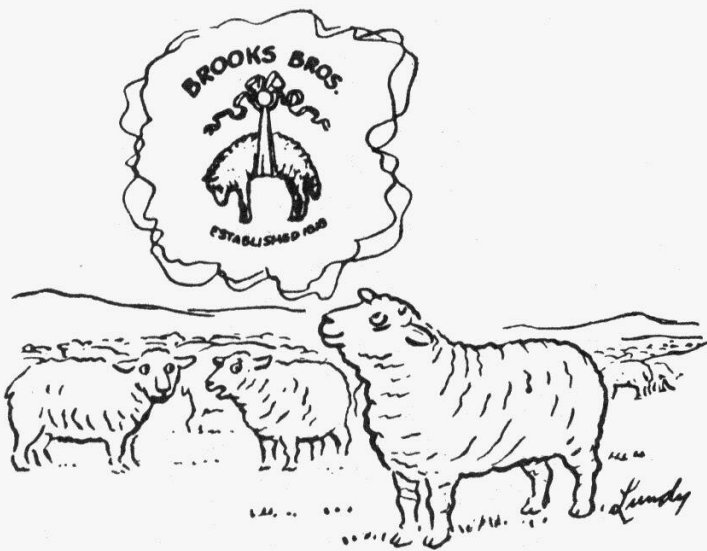








"Good-bye, and . . . good luck!"



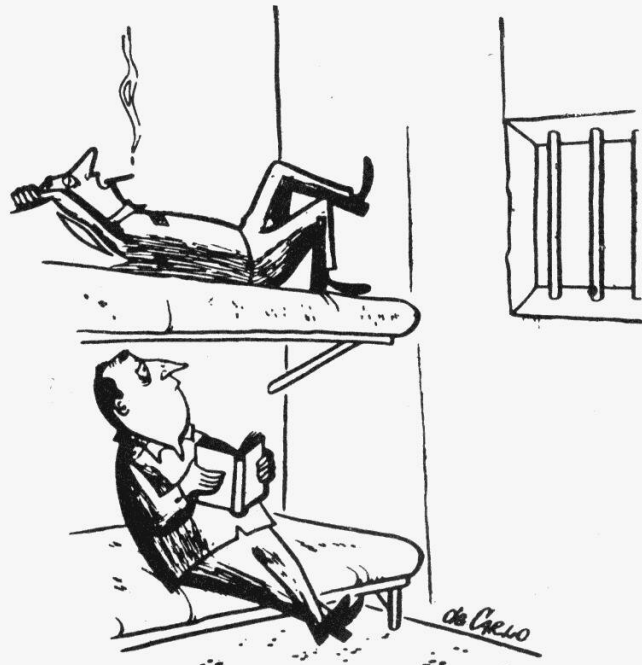
"She has illusions of grandeur."



"Freddy, I've changed my mind. Of course I'll marry you."



"It's a simple appendectomy complicated by a large income—"



"If I had it to do all over again, I'd be a cop."



"Except for two little things, you look terrific, Betty."



"One cocktail Molotov!"





AT 6 o'clock, without variation throughout the year, the sun's light fans swiftly up and over the blue sky of equatorial Africa. At that hour one morning, in the remote Uasin Gishu district of north-west Kenya, a young Boer farmhand set out in a heavy, springless wagon, drawn by four bullocks, to begin the harvesting of the mealie crop.

That short, prosaic trek was to end in the making of a world record in one of the world's most dangerous games.

The cumbersome equipage rounded hillock after hillock—those little heights that do no more than emphasize the monotony of the rolling East African veldt. The keen eyes of the young veldtman quickly noticed the complete absence of the lesser game—tommy, granti, kongoni, wildebeeste and zebra—which normally would have been moving with casual slowness out of his way. That meant just one thing—lions—and lions somewhere near.

A pair of them, anyway, Jan Englebrecht thought, and promptly forgot all about the mealie fields. He whipped his team on, while he unlimbered his slung rifle and checked his cartridge clips. Around a big, curving thicket he pulled the bullocks to an abrupt halt—not that the suddenly quivering oxen needed pulling up.

The level ground surrounded by the semi-circle of woodland was, it seemed to the startled young fellow, simply covered with lions. How many it was impossible to tell, for his abrupt arrival had sent most of them into a kind of swirling motion.

He knew, of course, that lions thus congregate where the lesser game are plentiful. He knew also that the wise thing for him to do was to turn his lumbering rig and beat as hasty and as quiet a retreat as possible. And he was well enough aware that, almost certainly, that big group of lions would not have interfered with his withdrawal. For in that remote region they had not been hunted much, and unhunted lions, like most other big game that seldom hears the crack of a rifle, almost never attack without provocation.

Perhaps young Englebrecht acted on pure instinct when he lifted his rifle and dropped one of the lions. But once he had done so, he knew the die was cast for him that morning. Retreat now, with his suddenly restive bullocks, was out of the question. He would have to keep on shooting. And he would have to win the terribly one-sided battle, for no help was near, even if he could have called for it.

Domestic beasts are thrown into terror by the proximity of lions. Fortunately for Englebrecht, the plunging of his four bullocks sent scarcely a tremor through the heavy, springless wagon. He had an almost motionless platform for the terrific job of shooting he had laid out for himself.

At the first crack of the rifle the lions acted strangely. Some stood perfectly still, turning their shaggy heads toward the source of the crashing noise. Others raced backwards and forwards, or whirled about in circles. None made any attempt to dive for the cover that was only a few yards away. One or two lions would undoubtedly have done so. But mass panic, and the wild beasts' instinct to cling together in the face of danger, prevented any of them from breaking away. If one had done so, all would probably have followed.

Englebrecht, on his own South African veldt, had been taught the use of the rifle from the time when he was little more than half its height, and the knowledge now stood him in good stead.

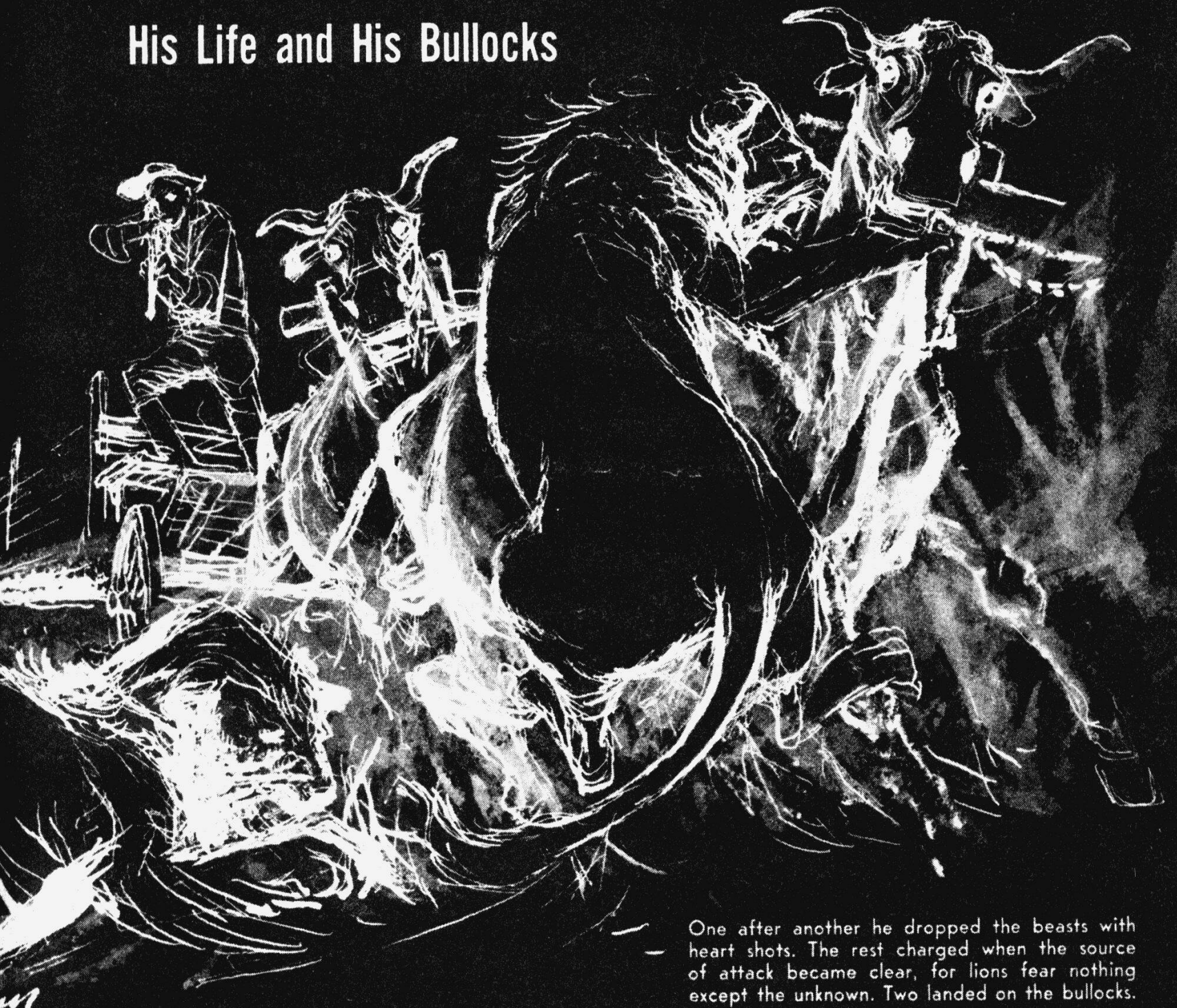
One after another he dropped the great, tawny beasts that had stood still, with heart shots—easiest and surest of all against a lion. The head shot, broadside, is most risky, on account of the sharp backward slope of the forehead, and the mass of hair that makes, on the males, a false outline. All that Englebrecht knew, and that knowledge quickly reduced the odds against him.



A True Adventure
By HUGH PRIOR

ONE MAN AGAINST THE KENYA PACK!

Killing Nine Lions in 11 Minutes Set a World
Record, But He Was Only Trying to Save
His Life and His Bullocks



One after another he dropped the beasts with heart shots. The rest charged when the source of attack became clear, for lions fear nothing except the unknown. Two landed on the bullocks.

The others, jumping and plunging about in confusion, made much more difficult targets. But the range was point blank, and they kept to a small area, each seemingly feeling that contact with the others had a measure of safety in it. And that closeness enabled Englebrecht to lay several on the ground with disabling wounds.

Why didn't they charge? That contingency Englebrecht both expected and feared. For what could one rifle do against half a dozen charging lions? Turn the first one, perhaps, and the others with it. That would have been his only hope, in the face of a mass charge of the lions that remained, wounded and untouched.

The charge did come when, apparently, bewildering panic had passed, and the source of attack became clear. For lions fear nothing except the unknown, which creates not fear, but bewilderment.

A lion detached himself from the remainder of the swirling group and made straight for the wagon. Another followed. The two landed together; not on the man, but on the two leading bullocks, which they began to maul. At 20 feet or so, picking them off with head shots was easy for the young marksman.

Then, for the lone rifleman, began a cleaning-up process. Englebrecht's barrel began to spit more swiftly, for he knew that wounded lions are often more deadly in attack than those unhit.

Whenever he saw a wounded lion rolling in efforts to get on its legs, he fired. And soon he saw that there were hardly more than two or three that might have reached the wagon had they charged. The last bullets from his hot barrel were directed against them.

Meanwhile, Englebrecht's employer heard the steady firing as he saddled his horse for his morning ride around his estate. Hastily slinging his rifle, he galloped to the scene of the mysterious fusillades. He arrived in time to see the young Boer pumping bullets at scattered, struggling lions. He did not interfere as Englebrecht's rifle stretched out the last of the wounded beasts.

The count showed nine dead lions.

The settler, remembering the time when he had jumped on his horse, estimated that the time Englebrecht had taken to kill the nine lions was approximately 11 minutes. A record that has not been equalled by any individual hunter, professional or amateur.

Some months later I talked to Englebrecht in Nairobi. I asked him what his feelings were when he was streaking bullets into the bodies of the lions. He said he could recall no feelings at all, that concentration on the job of shooting had made his mind a kind of blank, which it remained until his employer galloped up to the scene.

The annals of big game hunting are full of stories of the cool courage and swift, decisive action shown by white hunters who found themselves in positions of extreme and unexpected danger. Though not so often recorded, the exploits of natives stand high in the role of such brave actions.

The most remarkable I ever saw, or heard of, occurred on the Athi Plains, a noted lion district in

Kenya. Two of us, out on a short safari, had come close to a long, winding ravine, whose bush-covered sides and bottom we thought might be good lion cover.

Closing up, we suddenly heard the shattering racket that native beaters make when trying to drive a lion from cover. We slowly rounded the end of the bush, so as not to spoil the sport of the hunters just ahead of us.

There were two of them. One had taken up a position at the edge of the bush nearest to us. His boy was several yards behind him and, oddly, we noticed, was without the customary spare rifle. The other hunter stood some 200 yards away. Both, with rifles at the ready, were awaiting the emergence of simba from his assailed cover.

We were watching the area of cover between the two hunters, from which, we assumed, the shouting beaters would soon drive out the lion they had cornered. Suddenly, quite close to where we stood, from the bush behind the nearer hunter and his boy slid a lion, without a warning swish of branch or twig, and without the customary low, angry growl. Neither hunter had suspected that a second lion had taken cover in the bush, nor had any of the jungle-wise natives.

The beast bounded forward, sprang and landed on the hunter's back with stunning force. The man went down on his face, with 600 pounds of lion on top of him. Nothing, it seemed to us, helpless at even our short distance, could save that man from death. Neither of us dared attempt a shot, which might have bored into the man. Nor could the fallen hunter's distant partner, for the same reason.

While we watched man and beast floundering on the veldt, the unarmed gun-bearer sprang forward. Without a second's hesitation, he jumped on the lion's back, seized the shaggy mane, and began to tug with all his might.

The great beast suspended his attack on the prostrate man, while he raised his massive head and shook his body in an effort to dislodge the strange jockey. But the boy, a fearless Masai, tossed about on his terrible mount, hung grimly on. At last the lion, backing off the man, swung aside with such an access of snarling fury that the Masai lost his grip and was flung sprawling several feet away. The raging lion pounced on him and sank grinding fangs in his leg, crushing flesh, muscle and bone.

Before the lion could turn his dripping jaws to rend the body of the boy who had dared to come to grips with him, the second hunter had closed in. At a distance of a few feet he dropped the lion with a head shot.

When the downed hunter got to his feet, not badly damaged, we found that he was Lord Delamere, one of East Africa's earliest and most prominent pioneers.

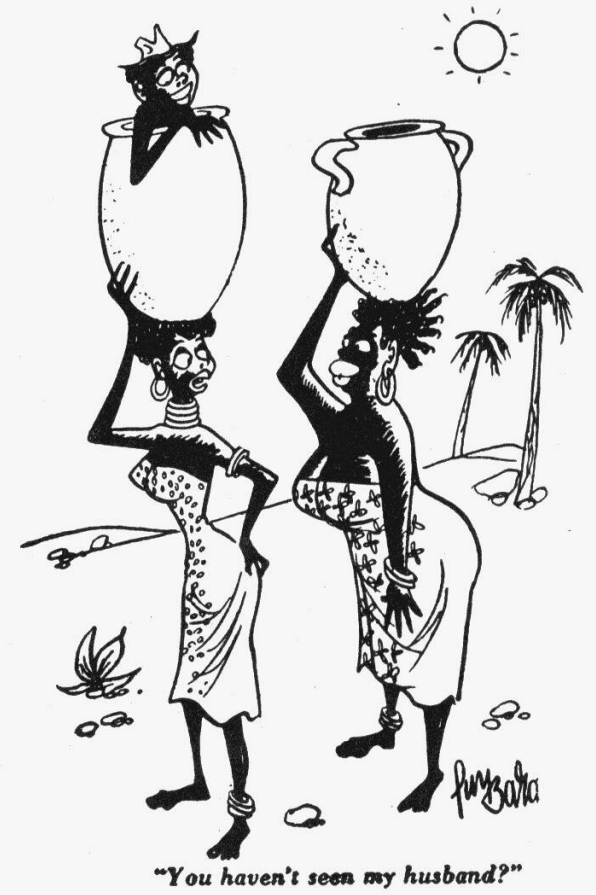
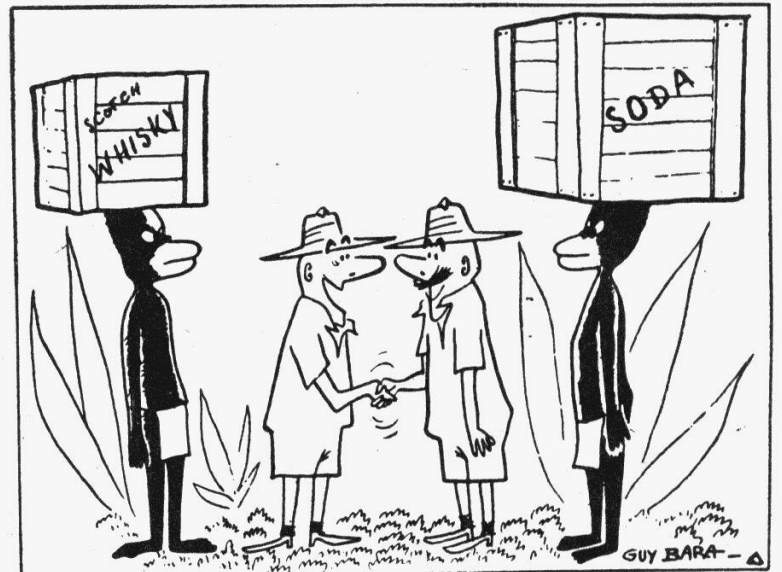
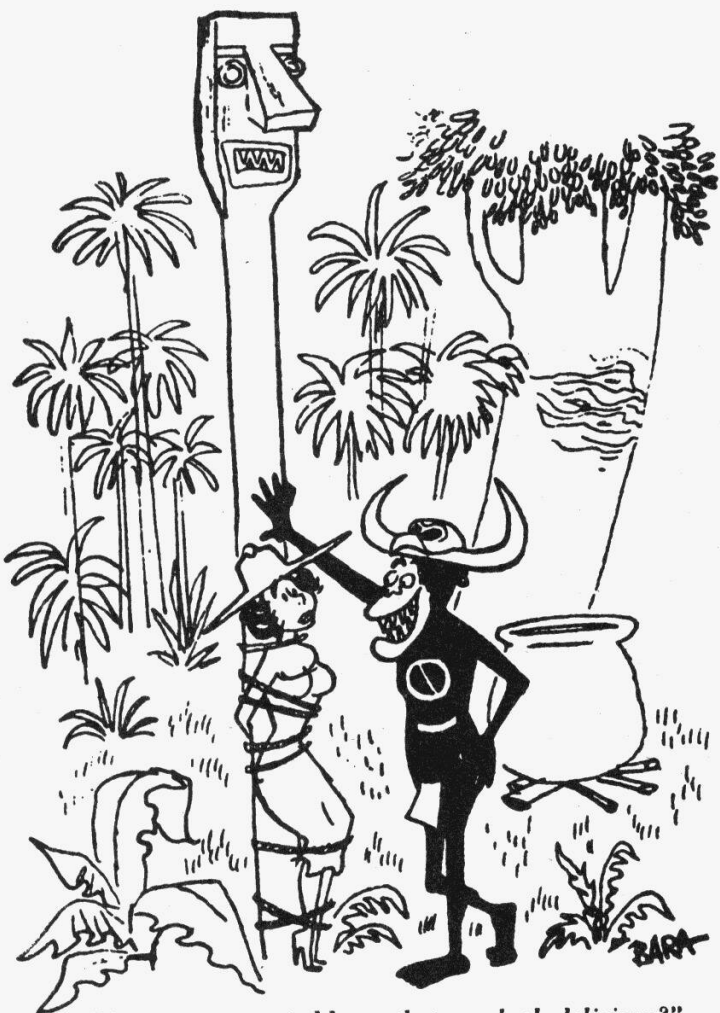
The boy's chief injury was his crushed leg. It was patched, and saved; but the brave Masai was lamed for life. Delamere didn't let the boy down. He saw to it that, for the rest of his life, Juma would want for nothing.

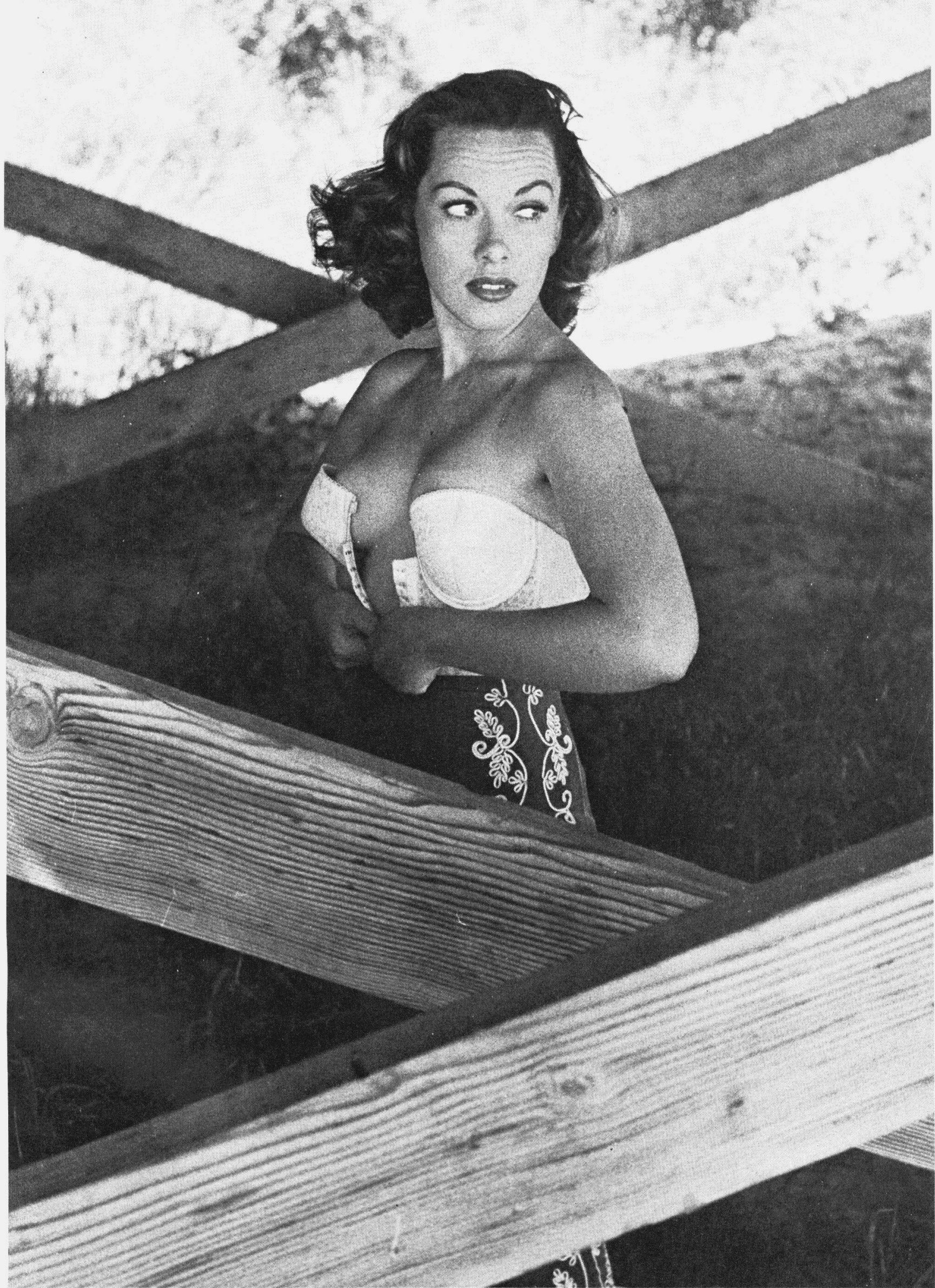
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